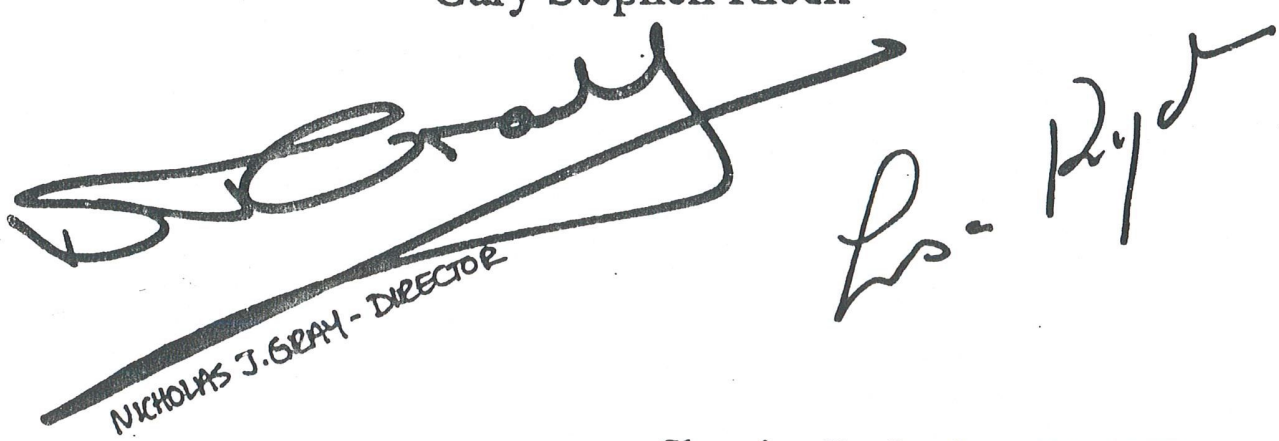
FOREVER KNIGHT

Episode # 310

"Night In Question"

written by

Gary Stephen Rieck



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CAST

NICK KNIGHT
TRACY VETTER
NATALIE LAMBERT
LACROIX
CAPT. REESE
VACHON
DR. TURNER
PARAMEDIC *
NURSE #1
NURSE #2 *
OTHER DOCTOR
SOLDIER
ICU NURSE *
DET. DUNNEBACK
DET. MAURER
LADY COP *
*
LEON SHARP/THE SHOOTER

SETS

INT. HOSPITAL ER
INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM
INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY
INT. HOSPITAL X-RAY LAB *
INT. HOSPITAL ICU ROOM
*
INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM
INT. PARADE WAREHOUSE
INT. NICK'S LOFT
INT. "DACHA" - IN THE PAST *
INT. RADIO BOOTH
INT. RAVEN
INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT *
INT. PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM *
INT. LEON SHARP'S PLACE

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CIRCA 1853 - CRIMEAN WAR *
EXT. HOSPITAL
EXT. PRECINCT - PARKING LOT *
EXT. CITY SKYLINE
EXT. STREET
EXT. "DACHA" - THE PAST *
EXT. STREET
*
EXT. WAREHOUSE
EXT. LOFT *
*
EXT. LOCATION TBD *
EXT. VAMPCAM *

"Night In Question"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1

Focus on double swinging doors, standing motionless. Beyond the doors voices can be heard, indiscernible at first, but quickly growing stronger. Suddenly, violently, the door crashes open and a gurney surrounded by an E.R. team flies through. A PARAMEDIC is explaining the situation to Veteran E.R. DOCTOR KAREN TURNER who is checking the as-yet unidentified patient.

PARAMEDIC
Bullet wound to the head. Severe Cerebral Laceration in the temporal lobe.

DR. TURNER
(shakes her head, knows this is going to be tough)
Do we have a pulse?

This is asked of Nurse #1, BONNIE FREEMAN, who is monitoring the ambulance lifesigns unit.

NURSE #1
No pulse.

DR. TURNER
Rythym?

NURSE #1
None.

Turner turns to Nurse #2, ALICE FUNG, and another nurse who are tending to the patient.

DR. TURNER
Get a I.V. line going, stat. Continue compression.
(to Paramedic)
Oculovestibular reflexes?

PARAMEDIC
None... no motor reflexes either.

DR. TURNER
Spastic hemiplegia?

PARAMEDIC
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

DR. TURNER *
(that was bad news) *
How long has he been down? *

PARAMEDIC *
(checks his watch) *
Sixteen minutes. *

Judging by the expressions on the E.R. team's faces this * patient is not going to make it. *

DR. TURNER *
Do we know who he is? *

PARAMEDIC *
A cop... that's all I got. *

They wheel the gurney into *

2 OMITTED 2*

3 INT. HOSPITAL ER ROOM - NIGHT 3*

As the gurney flies in. The patient is transferred from the ambulance gurney to the E.R. gurney. The ambulance lifesigns monitor leads are removed and the E.R.'s own leads are reattached to the patient's electrodes. The Paramedic leaves. *

NURSE #2 *
No pulse, no rythym. *

DR. TURNER *
He must have lost a lot of blood at the scene. *
(to Nurse #2) *
I want a second I.V. site and a litre of saline in each line. *
(to another nurse) *
Let's get surgery down here super stat. *

Turner moves to examine the patient's head, bringing into frame a blood-soaked bandage as the life sign monitors come on line. A flatline tone fills the air. Turner reacts. *

DR. TURNER *
Okay, let's shock him. Three hundred. *

NURSE #1 *
Charged. *

Nurse #1 hands him the defibulater paddles. Turner greases them, looks around to make sure no one is standing near the gurney. *

DR. TURNER *
Clear! *

The team stands back as Turner gives the patient a jolt of electricity. A beat... no change in the flatline. They wait a few seconds but Turner knows she's fighting a losing battle here. *

DR. TURNER (cont'd) *
Okay give me an amp of epi - I'm going to do it intracardial. *

A nurse hands Turner a syringe, which he quickly administers. Waits a moment, *

DR. TURNER *
Continue compression. *

Still nothing from the monitors. *

NURSE #2 *
No pulse, no rythym. *

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

DR. TURNER *
(giving up) *
How long has he been down now? *

NURSE #1 *
(checks watch or clock) *
Nineteen minutes now. *

DR. TURNER *
No pulse, no rythym, no cardiac... *
(beat) *
Let's call it. *
(a beat while she lets it *
sink in) *
Note the time. *

NURSE #1 *
It's 12:36. *

DR. TURNER *
Death occurred at 12:36 a.m.. Call the *
M.E.. Deceased is identified as Metro *
Police Detective... *

Turner checks a clipboard as one of the nurses removes the patient's oxygen mask allowing a full view of his face.

DR. TURNER (cont'd)
Nicholas B. Knight.

It's Nick all right, looking very much like a corpse as we

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN :

4 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 4*

Captain REESE enters quickly. Scans around the room. *

HIS POV: a woman on a bench. Bloodstained clothes. Her blonde hair hangs down. * *

She's rocking herself back and forth nervously. In great anguish. She looks up at Reese and we SEE it's TRACY. * *

She looks like she's been through hell, crying all the way. *

She looks up slowly, turns O.S. to *

Reese. Who's talking with Dr. Turner now. She's out of earshot, but their body language and Reese's expression tell the story. Turner moves off. * * *

Reese turns to Tracy. Their eyes meet. Reese shakes his head slowly. * *

CLOSE ON Tracy. Her moment of realization. The shock of it registers. Tears well up in her eyes. * *

Reese crosses to her. Sits beside her. Puts an arm around her. *

TRACY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Captain.

REESE
Hey, come on now. You did the best you could. We'll get through this, okay? *

She looks at him through copious tears.

TRACY
It's all my fault.

REESE
(patiently)
Listen to me, Tracy. It's nobody's fault but the person who pulled that trigger. *
(beat)
Now, you gotta talk to me. Tell me what happened. *

TRACY
(stunned beat)
I don't know. It all happened so fast. It was dark. *

CUT HARD TO:

5 FLASHBACK - THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING 5

(PRODUCTION NOTE: flashback scenes of the shooting incident in grainy black and white)

In a dark place. Filled with weird shapes which we'll reveal to be PARADE FLOATS and holiday decorations in warehouse storage.

Intercutting quickly: a disjointed, SLOW-MOTION, surrealistic montage of

Tracy moving cautiously among the bizarre floats. Has her gun out.

Another angle : Nick stalking with gun held high.

Tracy's POV : turning slowly to A SHADOWY FIGURE wielding a gun. Ready to ambush her.

A SHOT rings out. Brilliant flame from the gun's muzzle. Then, a blur of movement. Nick diving into the line of fire.

Tracy being shoved aside forcefully. Her gun flies out of her hand. She tumbles.

ON Nick as he's hit. He reels on impact.

NEW ANGLE. Tracy rushes to him. Lifts his head. His eyes are glazed over; a small trickle of blood pools on the floor.

OFF this image,

6 INT. - HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 6

Resume scene with Reese and Tracy.

TRACY
(confused; upset)
I tried to help him but there was nothing I could do.

REESE
Tell me about the shooter.

7 QUICK FLASHBACK - SCENE OF SHOOTING (B&W) 7

Angle on the figure as we watch him flee in slow-motion. Something odd about his clothing. Its large and loose; maybe a costume of some kind. Just a silhouette so we can't see more. * *

Then, in slow-motion: Tracy holding Nick. Pressing a handkerchief to the head wound. Her hands are shaking almost uncontrollably.

8 HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM 8

ON Tracy. A puzzled look crosses her face.

TRACY
I didn't get a good look at him.

But before Reese can react they're interrupted by

NATALIE
Where is he?

Reese looks up to NATALIE, who's winded from rushing to the hospital. She has a large purse slung over her shoulder.

REESE
He didn't make it.

Natalie processes this for a beat. She's strangely calm.

NATALIE
(more emphatic)
Please. Just tell me: where's Nick?

On Natalie's last line we GO TO

9 INT. HOSPITAL - ER ROOM - NIGHT 9

Two nurses cleaning up, prepping Nick for the morgue.

NURSE #1
Call downstairs. Tell them we've got a pickup.

Nurse #2 exits as Nurse #1 leans in to detach an EKG and suddenly Nick, under a sheet now, INHALES DEEPLY. AUDIBLY. Like the first breath of a drowning swimmer breaking the surface of the water.

She startles. Drops something. Steps back. Mesmerized, she watches the sheet rise and fall in cadence with Nick's heavy breathing.

NURSE #1 (cont'd)
(frightened whisper)
...Doctor Turner. *
(beat; louder)
Doctor Turner!

Nurse #1 backs away, bumps into Natalie.

NURSE #1 (cont'd)
(spooked)
He's alive.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

NATALIE
You'd better get some help.

Nurse #1 exits. Natalie works quickly. Moves to Nick, pulls a plastic bag filled with blood from her purse.

Taking the end of the tube, she NEEDLES it sharply INTO HIS STOMACH, a sharp, violent stabbing motion. She rhythmically squeezes the bag. Pulls the sheet over it for concealment.

As the blood flows into Nick, she checks his head wound.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Oh boy, Nick. How are we gonna talk our way out of this one?

She spots a chart nearby, picks it up with her free hand, and quickly scans it. Returns it to its space just as Dr. Turner enters with Nurse #1.

DR. TURNER *
Probably just aganol breathing... a *
reaction to the drugs in his system. *

Turner reacts to Nick breathing on his own, goes to his side and is about to use her stethoscope when:

NATALIE
No, I did that. Took his blood *
pressure, too. 110 over 60 and
stabilizing.

Turner notices Natalie.

DR. TURNER
(to his nurse)
Let's get a team in here, stat!

Nurse #1 exits. Natalie deftly disconnects the empty blood bag and puts it away with one swift motion as Turner turns away; she's pulling on gloves, getting ready to work.

DR. TURNER (cont'd)
Little off your beat, aren't you, Dr. Lambert?

NATALIE
I'm a close personal friend of the "revived".

DR. TURNER
Well, your friend's a miracle man.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2 9

NATALIE
Maybe it wasn't as serious as you were first thought.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3 9

DR. TURNER
You tell me. Take a look at that head wound--

Turner lifts the bandage to check Nick's wound and reacts: it's not as bad as it looked before. She's stunned. She shoots a look at Natalie as her team enters and

DR. TURNER (cont'd) *
Get x-ray and surgery back down here. *

Off Natalie, watching as Dr. Turner tries to understand what * is going on in here. *

10 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 10

Reese and Tracy, deep in conversation.

REESE
Tracy, I've seen this happen before to lots of cops. Give yourself some time and it'll come back to you.

TRACY
But I'm trained for exactly this situation--

REESE
Give yourself a break, Tracy. That's an order.

Natalie arrives.

NATALIE
He's still with us.

Reese and Tracy react to activity down the hall where Nick is located. They look back at Natalie for an explanation.

REESE
But the doctor pronounced him dead.

NATALIE
Nick went into a temporary cardiac arrest. With that kind of shock to the system, it's not all that unusual.

TRACY
Is he going to live?

NATALIE
He's still in a coma but I have a feeling he's going to pull through.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

Nat sighs. Sure she does but she can't say how, can she?

OFF Tracy's look of relief,

11 INT. HOSPITAL - X-RAY LAB - NIGHT (LATER) 11

CLOSE ON X-Rays clipped into an illuminated viewer.

ADJUST to see Dr. Turner in the ghostly glow of the viewer. Studying the films intensely.

Just to Turner's right, in the shadows, there's another doctor working. Tall guy with his back to the camera.

DR. TURNER
This is wrong. We should be talking about this guy in the past tense.

OTHER DOCTOR
Maybe you need a second opinion, Doctor.

DR. TURNER *
But look at it, half his brain has been *
scrambled. *

OTHER DOCTOR
Sad thing about x-rays... They tend to be flawed sometimes... I think this is one of those times...

The doctor comes out of the shadows... It's LACROIX dressed as a physician. Turner's eyes have glazed over as Lacroix has whammies her.

DR. TURNER
One of those times...

LACROIX (cont'd)
Detective Knight is probably the luckiest man alive, isn't he?

DR. TURNER
(hypnotized)
Luckiest man alive.

Lacroix begins removing Nick's x-rays, replacing them with normal ones as he continues administering his whammy.

LACROIX
I want you to listen to me very carefully, doctor.

Turner's thoroughly zapped. She stands and listens.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

LACROIX (cont'd)
His injuries were nowhere near as life-threatening as they might have seemed. The bullet glanced off the good detective's very thick skull and did minimal damage. You expect him to regain consciousness soon. When he does, you'll release him and say his was a remarkable case... *

DR. TURNER
Remarkable case. *

LACROIX
I'm so glad we concur, doctor.

OFF Lacroix's smile, we

SMASH CUT TO:

12 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER) 12*

Doctor Turner recites:

DR. TURNER
...nowhere near as life-threatening as they might have seemed.

CLOSE ON Nat as she listens. Something odd in Dr. Turner's speech. Something she recognizes: he's been hyp-mo-tized. *

TRACY
I don't understand. He was shot in the head, wasn't he?

DR. TURNER
The bullet glanced off the good detective's very thick skull. He's the luckiest man alive. His injuries were nowhere near as life-threatening as they might have seemed.

Back on Nat. Something definitely odd going on. She GLANCES around SEES... * *

HER POV: LACROIX exits the X-Ray room. Gently pulls the door close behind him. LOOKS DIRECTLY AT NATALIE. Eye contact held for a long beat. He smiles at her...that creepy smile...nods politely, one doctor to another. * * * *

Back On Nat. Lacroix's presence registers. *

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

*

And in a wink, he's gone.

Slightly taken aback by his disappearance, she turns back to Reese et al.

REESE
When can we talk to him?

DR. TURNER
He'll regain consciousness soon. Then I'll release him.

As Reese and Natalie watch Turner walk away...

DR. TURNER (cont'd)
(as he goes)
A remarkable recovery.

REESE
Well, I'm going back to the shop. Tell everybody the good news. Anybody need a ride?

NATALIE
No, I think I'll stay awhile.

TRACY
Me too. Just a little longer.

Reese exits. Tracy turns to Natalie.

TRACY (cont'd)
I'd like to see him, if I could.

NATALIE
(smiles)
I think I can arrange something.

13 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT 13

CLOSE ON Nick's hand. IV tube inserted and taped in place. Tracy's hand reaches down and lifts Nick's ever so gently.

WIDEN to show she's bedside. Nick lies motionless in his windowless room. An I.V. drips into him, Oxygen tubes up his nose, etc. Monitors show all life signs normal. Hmmm, we wonder how that could be with a vampire?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

TRACY
(deep breath; softly)
I let you down, and I'm sorry... really sorry.
(a long silence, then:)
I'm going to get the guy that did this, Nick. I promise you.

Natalie enters. Interrupts Tracy's moment with Nick.

NATALIE
(whispering)
Think you'd better go before Nurse Ratchet out there pitches a fit.
(gently)
Why don't you go home and get some sleep... it's the best thing for you now.

Tracy nods. One last look at Nick then Tracy heads out.

NATALIE (cont'd)
(whispering)
I'm just going to check a few things... and I'll be right out.

Nat moves to Nick's bedside. Watches Tracy leave and

ON a medical monitor. Bedside equipment to keep track of Nick's vitals. Natalie glances around warily then

Reaches around behind the monitor and pulls out a

SMALL TAPE RECORDER that she's plugged into the equipment. She checks it to see it's working properly then replaces it.

ONSCREEN, Nick's vitals beep normally. Everything ship-shape because the data's coming off the tape loop, of course. So that's how we get life signs.

CLOSE ON Nat. She leans down to Nick.

NATALIE (cont'd)
(whispers)
You owe me <u>big time</u> for this one, Nick. I mean, really big time.

OFF Nick, slumbering in his coma,

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT (LATER) 14*

The room's darkened. A baby spot over Nick's bed provides the only illumination. A beat and

A long shadow falls across Nick's unconscious form.

ANOTHER ANGLE. CLOSE ON Nick's arm as another hand gently lifts it. TUGS THE IV tube loose and detaches it.

TILT UP to LACROIX in "Doctor Mode". He makes quite a striking physician, actually. He shakes his head gently.

LACROIX
Poor Nicholas. Look where your mortal fascinations have led you.
(re: the tube)
Oh, excuse me. This would probably be something very important, wouldn't it?
(he shrugs)
Quid pro quo, Nicholas.

CLOSE ON Lacroix. Hold on him as he stares down at Nick.

LACROIX (cont'd)
One for one.

Off Lacroix, we DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT - CIRCA 1853 15*

Battlefield of a campaign in the Crimean War. The fighting's moved on from this killing field but cannon still thunder in the distance.

Fires burn here and there. Smoke drifts across the meadow. Along a line of "chevals de frise", battlefield barricades from the era, bodies of soldiers lay dead...dying.

NEW ANGLE. A gut-shot soldier on the ground. Lying midst the wreckage of caisson that was disintegrated into splinters by a direct hit. A tall, dark FIGURE in uniform stands over him.

CLOSE: the soldier. Weak; breathing his last. He looks up.

SOLDIER
(gasping; in Russian?)
Please. I'm dying. Give me water.

On the figure. We hear only his voice.

LACROIX
No.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

SOLDIER
(frightened)
Are you Death? Come to take me.

TILT UP. We SEE it's LACROIX. Yellow eyes glowing through the battlefield smoke. He smiles at the man. We see fangs in his evil leer.

LACROIX
If you say so.

He kneels beside the dying soldier.

CLOSE ON the soldier: his terror as he recognizes what Lacroix is.

SOLDIER
(hoarse whisper; terrified)
Vampyr!

Another angle. The soldier's shaking hand grasping for a weapon. Clawing at the debris pile around him. Grabs a A WOODEN STAKE...remnant of a wagon wheel, a spoke, perhaps. And, as Lacroix descends to feed

The soldier thrusts upward. One last, mighty, dying effort. He IMPALES LACROIX through the chest.

OFF Lacroix's agony,

16 INT. HOSPITAL ICU - PRESENT 16

CLOSE ON a scalpel as it cuts across a wrist.

Pull back: Lacroix slitting his wrist. Then he makes a small incision on Nick's wrist. He presses his wrist to Nick's.

LACROIX
Quid pro quo, Nicholas.
(beat, a shudder)
I hope this wave of altruism passes quickly... it is most disagreeable.

Lacroix watches as

NICK STIRS from his coma. His arms twitch. His head jerks ever so slightly. His eyes flutter open.

NICK'S POV : coming slowly into focus. Looking up at

Lacroix's smiling face.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

LACROIX
Welcome back to the Land of the Living, Nicholas.
(a disdainful look)
Such as it is.

OFF Nick, dazed, confused, weak.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT (LATER) 17

Moving quickly with Natalie and a NURSE who's hastened to fetch her. As they enter the room,

ICU NURSE *
I looked in on him only a few minutes ago and he was awake.

Nat sees Nick. Sitting up in bed. Dark circles under his red-rimmed eyes. He's holding his head. Gingerly touching the bandage on his scalp.

Natalie crosses to Nick's bedside. The nurse who escorted her exits and closes the door behind her.

NATALIE
Hey, you're up. How do you feel?

Nick looks at her. Something strangely blank about his expression. An emptiness in his eyes.

NICK
My head is killing me.

NATALIE
Not surprising, considering someone tried to blow it off. You were shot... In the head? I really had to do some fast work to-

Nick grabs for his head and feels a large bandage.

NICK
Shot?

He looks at her... a questioning look... should he know her? *

NICK (cont'd) *
Who...? *

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

NATALIE
(missing the point of the question)
Everyone's hoping you can tell them that.

NICK
No... I mean, who are you?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2 17

NATALIE
Nick, cut it out. You're scaring me...

Natalie begins to realize something's amiss.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Nick, say my name... Who am I?

NICK
I'm... sorry. I don't know. *

ON NAT for her reaction... and we: *

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY 18

REESE (pre-lap)
...Amnesia ?

19 INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 19*

Dr. Turner, Reese and Natalie head for Nick's ICU.

REESE (cont'd)
Guess that beats being dead. How long do you think it will last?

DR. TURNER
Can't answer that. With retrograde amnesia victims, it's tough predicting when they'll come out of it. I've heard of cases where the condition never clears up.

REESE
But other than that, he's gonna make it?

DR. TURNER
Well, he's going to live. So far, there's no apparent dysfunction... other than the fact that he has no idea who he is.

NATALIE
(significantly)
...Or where he came from.
(off Reese's look)
He knows nothing about his past.

REESE
But Nick's the only one who can tell us about last night. We've got to jog his memory if we can.

Turner's about to reply to Reese when:

NATALIE
I've got an idea: let me take Nick home to his place. Get him back on some familiar territory and see what happens.

REESE
Will that help?

They stop outside Nick's ICU.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

DR. TURNER
It might. *

NATALIE
Nick has no family in the area. We're friends and I'm a doctor. What could be better?

OFF Nat, a glimmer of hope in her eyes, *

20 INT. HOSPITAL ICU ROOM - DAY 20

CLOSE ON a steaming bowl of soup on a hospital bedside tray. A spoon dips into the soup. Then we follow the spoon up to Nick. * * *

He sips it slowly. Savors it for a beat. Then, goes back for another spoonful. * *

ANGLE ON Natalie: she's boggled...but in a pleasant way. *

NATALIE *
Nick, you're eating. *

Nick shoots her a funny look, as if to say, "So What?" *

NATALIE (cont'd) *
(immensly pleased; to Turner) * *
He's actually eating. *

DR. TURNER *
That's a good sign, Nick. You're coming along great. Nick, do you recognize these people? * * * *

NICK
This is Dr. Lambert and...
(to Reese)
Sorry... I don't think I've had the pleasure.

REESE
(awkwardly) *
Uhh, Joe Reese. Metro Police. *

NICK
Police? Did I do something wrong?

NATALIE
No, Nick: Captain Reese is your boss. You're a police officer.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

REESE
A detective. Homicide division. 96th precinct. Nick, last night you were involved in a shooting. Someone tried very hard to kill you and your partner.

NICK
Is he dead?

NATALIE
No. She's fine, Nick.

REESE
But Detective Vetter can't give us the whole story of how it happened. We need you to fill in the blanks. You went to the Parade warehouse near the 401 and Keele. Do you remember what happened after that?

NICK
(struggling to recall)
This is weird... but I do seem to remember something.

DR. TURNER
(explaining)
In cases like yours some short term memories can be recalled.

NICK
I remember a loud noise, and a bright light. Like a bolt of lightning in my head. And a burning sensation.

21 SHOOTING FLASHBACK (B&W) 21

Quick cuts: images of the shooting, chaotically cut together

Tracy tumbling. CLOSE ON a gun firing. Flame licking out of the barrel.

Nick reeling from the impact of the slug. His head snapping back.

22 ICU ROOM - RESUME SCENE 22

NICK
Then everything went black.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

DR. TURNER
(to Nick)
We're going to release you to Dr. Lambert's care tonight. She'll take you home and stay with you. *

Nick's still deep in thought.

*

NATALIE
Nick?

NICK
Sure. Whatever you say. I mean, if that's okay with Dr. Lambert?

NATALIE
Call me Natalie. Please.

Nick smiles at her. He nods and turns to Reese.

NICK
Listen, Captain. I'll keep trying.

REESE
Call me the minute anything more starts coming back to you.

Reese hands Nick something: his badge.

ON the badge: gleaming gold. Nick studies it reverently.

REESE (cont'd)
Nick, I want you to know there's a lot people who prayed for you last night. We're all happy you're back. You get well now. Go easy. Okay?

NICK
Sure.

Off Nick's badge as he turns it slowly over in his hand,

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. - PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM 24

TWO DETECTIVES...MAURER and DUNNEBACK. Internal Affairs. They seem like bookends. Almost interchangeable. Both are similarly grim but sympathetic as they interview Tracy.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

TRACY
I'm trying. It's just really hazy.

DET. MAURER
We understand how tough it can be, Detective Vetter, but we've got to get to the bottom of it.

DET. DUNNEBACK
According to the dispatch log you and Knight went to a warehouse at 139 Dunsinane.

TRACY
Right. It's the warehouse where the city keeps all the parade floats. Christmas stuff. Nick got a call. An informant said he had something for him.

DET. MAURER
About what?

TRACY
About an unsolved from a few years back... The Yorkville Ripper. *

DET. DUNNEBACK
(shaking his head)
Everybody and his dog has a theory about that one.

TRACY
Seemed like just a normal everyday meet. We got there. Went inside.

25 INT. PARADE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (B&W) 25

Weird. Filled to the rafters with holiday PARADE FLOATS and holiday decorations. Bizarre stuff, out of its element.

Slow-motion, skewed angles : Nick and Tracy move through the DARK warehouse. With GUNS DRAWN. Nick looks at Tracy. It's obvious he doesn't feel right about something.

TRACY (V.O.)
As soon as we got in there, we sensed something was wrong. We split up. It was dark. No one around. Then I started thinking maybe I was just spooking myself. Could've been a prank or something. It happens.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

NEW ANGLE. As before: Tracy's POV in the darkness. A shadowy figure seems to appear out of nowhere up ahead of her. Almost like one of the parade float figures suddenly came to life. Like he was camouflaged among the character floats...

TRACY (V.O.)
Guess I saw him first. I couldn't see his face. Or at least I don't remember seeing his face. A little flash of it, maybe. A glint of something.

Action mirrors her description: a shadow figure moving in slow-motion. Turning.

As he turns, something around his face catches stray light and glints ever so briefly. Like a tiny, little star.

ANOTHER ANGLE. As before: the shadowy figure raises something. We see the silhouette of a gun coming up.

ON Tracy. Her reaction. Turning slowly...

26 BACK IN THE PRECINCT 26

ON Dunneback as he listens intently to Tracy.

TRACY (O.C.)
Something else about the guy. The way he was dressed. What he was wearing... it wasn't normal. I just can't get it clear in my mind.

DET. MAURER
A costume maybe?

Tracy shrugs as Reese checks his watch, Tracy's under a lot of stress. And it's been a long day for her. * *

REESE
Guys...

ON Tracy. Stress showing on her.

DET. MAURER
Just a few more questions.

Reese nods unhappily as

MAURER pulls something out of his pocket. Places it on the table in front of Tracy.

CLOSE ON the object : a SHINY, BRASS SPENT BULLET.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

DET. MAURER
Forensics recovered this from the scene. Do you know what it is?

Tracy reaches for it...looks at Maurer as if to say, "Okay to pick it up?" He nods. She picks it up. Examines it.

DET. DUNNEBACK
It's a cop killer. Teflon-coated, cuts through Kevlar like it was tissue.

DET. MAURER
Nick was shot with one of these. Why it didn't blow his brains to Buttonville is anybody's guess.

DET. DUNNEBACK
Seems your guy was gunning for cops. *

DET. MAURER
So you see why it's important we get to what happened. * *

ON Tracy. Looking tired. She nods.

27 EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) 27

Sundown behind CN Tower. Stock. We HEAR:

NICK (pre-lap)
A little dark, isn't it?

28 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT 28

Natalie watches Nick move around the loft, inspecting it as if for the first time. Nat's holding an overnight bag and a bag of groceries. She crosses to the kitchen, places it on the counter

NATALIE
That's the way you like it.

CLOSE ON a photo of Nick and Nat. Sitting atop the piano.

Nick picks it up. Studies it. Turns to Nat and smiles. She joins him beside the piano.

NICK
There we are, huh?

NATALIE
You remember when that was taken?

28 CONTINUED: 28

NICK
(frustrated)
Sorry, I don't.

NATALIE
Your birthday last year. We threw a little party for you.
(really deep breath)
You know which birthday that was?

NICK
(joking)
Let me guess. The Big 3-0?
(off her "No")
4-0?

NATALIE
You're so far off, I can't even begin to tell you.

Nick's sitting at the piano now. He's noodling and it sounds good.

NICK
(re: his playing)
Hey. How about that?

NATALIE
Like riding a bike.

Nick's broken into a little Beethoven, "Fur Elise" or whatever that piece was from Episode 206 ("Moonlight Sonata" maybe? Oh hell I can't remember... it's late and this script needs to be out soon)

NATALIE (cont'd)
Very pretty. Do you remember what's that's called?

Nick stops. Something comes back to him. He continues.

NICK
No. But... It's Beethoven, right? *

NATALIE
Very good, Nick.

NICK
You know something? I just had the strangest memory. Of playing this music with a friend. He was jotting notes down on a staff as I played.
(he laughs)
With a quill, you know? Weird...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2 28

ON Natalie's reaction : stunned but she can believe it's true. *

NATALIE
Ohh-kay.
(beat) *
Nick: I've got to go out for a bit. My * line of work, you can't let things pile up. Not pleasant when they do.

NICK
(still noodling)
You're a doctor, right?

NATALIE
As a matter of fact, I'm a coroner. *

Nick makes a face: "Ugh!" as Nat heads for kitchen and the bag of groceries. *

NICK
I see what you mean.

NATALIE *
Do me a favor while I'm gone? Stay put. *
Try to get some rest and if you're *
hungry... by all means do have something *
to eat. *

NICK *
I <u>am</u> kind of hungry... actually. That *
hospital food just didn't taste very *
good... *

She smiles... this is very good news indeed. She reaches into * the grocery bag and tosses him an apple. He catches it, takes * a bite... enjoys it. *

NATALIE *
An apple a day keeps the coroner away. *

NICK *
But I wouldn't want to do that now would *
I? *

He gives her a smile. She smiles right back... very pleased * with how things are turning out. *

NATALIE *
Gotta go. *

She exits. *

29 OMITTED 29

30 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT (LATER) 30

Nick wandering around the loft, checking various things out, trying to jog his memory.

He opens a drawer opening: inside, a 9mm in a holster, box of 50 rounds. Nick's back-up.

Nick takes it out. Clears the weapon. And FLASHES BACK to

31 SCENE OF HIS SHOOTING (B&W) 31

Slow-motion: BAM! A searing flash of flame and light. Nick's assailant in the muzzle-flash. We get a little better look:

See piercing eyes briefly in the flash, and then they're gone. * *

32 INT. - LOFT 32

ON Nick. Holding the gun in his hand. Holding his head with the other. Feeling the bandage. Something else, too: the "vampire buzz". Another presence, someone suddenly nearby.

Play this beat: Nick sensing the vamp buzz. Not knowing what it is. Confused by this strangest sensation then

Nick's startled. He whirls and points the gun reflexively at

LACROIX. Who's just <u>there.</u> He raises hands in mock fear. In one hand, Lacroix holds a "gift" bottle of "wine".

LACROIX
Is that any way to treat your saviour, Nicholas?

NICK
How did you get in here?

LACROIX
I have an open invitation.
(gestures up)
You have an open skylight...

He trails off. Leaving Nick to ponder the mystery of it.

Lacroix circles Nick. Nick looks at him carefully then

NICK
You're the doctor from the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

LACROIX
Oh, I'm more than that. Doesn't that feeling you're getting right now tell you that I'm more than that? *

Lacroix comes up behind Nick. Looms over his shoulder.

LACROIX
We have a very special bond, Nicholas. Search your memory as best you can. I'm your oldest friend in the world. We've been through so much together... * *

On Lacroix, recalling...

33 INT. "DACHA" - DAY (THE PAST) 33*

Black Sea-side summer house of Russian nobles. Abandoned before advancing troops. Nick and Lacroix have appropriated it as a daytime "safehouse"...gone to ground while the sun shines. * * * *

Lacroix's POV : now it's him returning to consciousness and *

NICK coming into focus. Lacroix supine on a divan. A thick chunk of wood still embedded in his chest. Not through his heart but close enough to be more than an annoyance, put it that way. * * * *

The soldier missed his mark by millimeters...or incompletely penetrated Lacroix's heart. * *

Lacroix's gasping. In agony. Something else: he's looking old and withered. Like his aging process has begun to accelerate wildly. He looks at the stake, then up at Nick.

LACROIX
Nicholas... *
(gestures to the stake)
Be so kind and relieve me of this, could you?

Nick stands over Lacroix. Stares down at him. *

NICK
Only if you'll tell me first how it got there.

LACROIX *
(pained) *
An instant of improvidence. A soldier's last, lucky blow in battle. * * *
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

LACROIX (cont'd)
I was about to dispense a merciful end to his suffering and he managed to inflict this "inconvenience" on me.

NICK
(wry)
Such ingratitude.

LACROIX
(re: the "stake")
It is increasingly unpleasant and more than annoying.
(beat)
The soldier is dispatched to hell as will I shortly be... If you don't help me, that is.

ON Nick. Considering this.

LACROIX (cont'd)
I know we've had our differences, dear boy. You've grown away from me and now find me at the disadvantage you've probably wished for.

NICK
An interesting dilemma, isn't it?

LACROIX
I hope you remember that our relationship hasn't always been this... difficult.

ON Nick. Weighing a decision for a beat then

NICK
I'll help you then I'll be on my way without you. I think it's time I moved on. At least for a while.

LACROIX
Of course, you do. But I do wish you'd consider that you've remained close to me for so long of your own volition.

CLOSE: Lacroix manages to smile weakly through his agony.

LACROIX (cont'd)
You really do like me. You just don't know that you do. Now, s'il vous plait-

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2 33

Lacroix nods to the stake in his chest. Nick hesitates a beat then takes hold of the broken wood.

He nods to Lacroix who braces for the coming pain. Then, with a mighty heave Nick YANKS the stake from Lacroix's chest. Just thinking about it hurts. ON Lacroix's howl of pain, *

34 INT. LOFT - NIGHT (THE PRESENT) 34

RESUME SCENE. Lacroix still winces at the memory. *

NICK
I don't remember you.
(turns to him)
If you do know me as well as you say, help me. Tell me who I am.

LACROIX
Not so much who you are, Nicholas, as what you are. You are extraordinary. *
(leans close; whispers)
A killer. *

ON Nick, Shocked. He looks down at the gun in his hand.

NICK
What are you talking about? *

LACROIX
(shrugs)
If you don't believe me, why not just go out and rediscover yourself...for yourself. *

The elevator door slides open: Natalie. Holding more bags. * She looks up at Lacroix. He smiles at her. Bows...

Natalie glances from Lacroix to NICK. Sees his deeply troubled look. She crosses slowly to Lacroix. A confrontation that * requires considerable courage on her part. *

LACROIX
Good evening. Dr. Lambert, isn't it?

NATALIE
(softly)
I know who you are.

LACROIX
(with a glance at Nick) *
I'm flattered that my reputation precedes me.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

NATALIE
I know that you helped to cover for him at the hospital.

Angle on Nick : his confused reaction. What's she talking about? Lacroix is enjoying this encounter.

LACROIX
Yes... we made such a good team didn't we? It really was... fun.

She looks slightly unnerved.

NATALIE (cont'd)
(beat)
But now I want you to leave him alone. He needs time to recover.

LACROIX
(sarcastic)
Oh why yes of course. And I trust that you will instruct Nicholas as to his special nature and needs in my absence?
(off her defiant look)
Perhaps not. Perhaps you are hoping to seize this opportunity to try and accomplish the impossible with him, to redeem him?

NATALIE
(emphatic)
Please? Just...go.

Lacroix looks at Nick...who's really perplexed. Then back at Nat, grinning.

LACROIX
As you wish. Good luck in your little quest, Doctor. I'm so happy that my old friend is in such capable hands.
(to Nick)
Get well soon, Nicholas. Come see me when you can.

Lacroix deposits his gift bottle on the table and departs. Although Nat can't see it, he actually looks somewhat concerned that he may be losing Nick.

For her part, Nat has been disturbed by Lacroix's show of confidence. As Lacroix exits through the doorway and whooshes off, Nat turns to Nick who has been watching this exchange in confusion.

NATALIE
How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2 34

NICK
Confused, tired.

NATALIE
Did you eat?

NICK
Yeah.

She looks reassured.

NATALIE
Whatever he said to you, you don't have to believe it.

NICK
There's something wrong with me, isn't there? I'm sick or something.

NATALIE
(carefully)
Listen to me, Nick: you and I have worked together for a long time to help. you make the change you've wanted to make in your life. This accident has a silver lining, if you want to call it that.

NICK
What change is that?

Natalie moves closer to Nick. Touches him in the shoulder. He likes the feel

NATALIE
I don't want to get into it just yet. Put it this way... I think the change is happening. We're really getting somewhere.
(off his smile)
But you've got to trust me and go slowly.
(a reminder to herself)
We've both got to take this slowly.

NICK
"We"? What do you mean "We"?
(off her silence)
What is it about us?

She says nothing. He's liking the sound of this.

NICK
Do we have a relationship? *

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 3 34

NATALIE
(it kills her to say this but...)
We're friends. Just friends.

NICK
Why don't I believe you? From the moment I saw you in the hospital I sensed there was something between us. Something very good.

NATALIE
(trying to contain herself)
It's hard to explain. We have a really unique relationship. I mean, <u>really</u> unique. *

They lock gazes. Nick inches closer. She backs off slightly.

NATALIE
Nick, there's something that I have to tell you--

CLOSE: Nick's moving in. Nat's not resisting now.

NICK
Is it important?

NATALIE
It's so important.

NICK
Does it have to be now?

He kisses her. Then...with her eyes closed.

NATALIE
No. I guess not.

They kiss again as we:

35 OMITTED 35

FADE OUT

<u>END ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

36 A MONTAGE 36

Nightmare images of death and carnage inflicted by Nick. (Assembled from previous flashbacks and old episodes.)

CUT TOGETHER with

36A IMAGES FROM NICK'S SHOOTING 36A

Bright flash of light. The Shooter firing his gun. Nick reeling in pain. Tracy holding him as blood flows.

Montage finally leading up to

36B THE LOFT 36B

Natalie. She steps out of shadow. Her shoulders bared. Her voice has an ethereal echo. This is in Nick's dream.

NATALIE
Take me. Bring me across. Please, Nick. I want you to take me.

ON Nick. Fangs and yellow eyes. He rears back and sinks his teeth into her neck.

CLOSE ON Nick as drains her, he looks O.S. to

Lacroix in the B.G., laughing at him. Leering...Lacroix's image suddenly becomes a hallucination of

36C NICK'S SHOOTER 36C

Blasting away.

CLOSE ON the shooter in profile, (or behind an obstruction) * His lips are moving, he's saying something but, in * slow-motion, we can't tell what. There's that glint of <u>something</u> again, something we can't quite make out. *

SMASH CUT TO

37 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT 37

ON Nick. In bed. He jolts upright from his nightmare. * Semi-vamped out, his eyes aglow, even though he not aware of * it. *

HOLD ON him for a beat while he gets oriented then go to:

38 INT. NICK'S LOFT - KITCHEN 38

Nick at the fridge. He opens the door, and sees

The bottle of Lacroix's "wine".

Nick pulls it out. Studies it for a long beat. Like he's drawn to it. Magnetized by it. Then, he comes to his senses. Puts it back in the fridge. Close the door quietly. *

ANGLE ON Natalie: camped out on the sofa. Snoozing. Oblivious. *

Nick stands over her for a beat. Looks down at her. Then... *

NEW ANGLE: Nick holding his 9mm. He slips a mag into the butt. Seats it with a snap of his palm and as he does, he FLASHES ON: *

38A THE SHOOTING 38A*

The bright flash of flame. Nick reeling and crumbling to the floor. *

Tracy propping him up. Blood flowing onto the floor. Then *

38B LACROIX 38B*

Just the briefest instant from the previous scene. Lacroix leaning close to Nick telling him: *

LACROIX (V.O.) *
(echoing) *
...a killer. *
(and) *
Why don't you...rediscover for yourself? *

38C NICK - IN THE LOFT - REAL TIME 38C*

Slipping his pistol into his shoulder holster. Pulling on his coat. At the elevator door. One last look back at sleeping Natalie and he goes out. *

39 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT 39

Nick driving in the Caddy. Looks like the loneliest, most confused guy on earth right now. Probably still has a killer migraine, too. *

His police radio's on and the scanner traffic buzzes softly in the B.G. Nick reaches over and clicks it off. Turns on the radio instead which is pre-tuned to you know who...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

LACROIX (V.O.)
(on the radio)
Bon soir mes amis... oui c'est moi, the NightCrawler and I'm with you until the sun rises; keeping you company, soothing your confusion, your Balm in Gilead.

ON Nick. Stopped at a red light. Recognizes Lacroix's voice on the radio: Jesus, is this guy everywhere or what?

LACROIX (V.O.)
Tonight's meditation is dedicated to lost friends... lost from each other and lost from themselves.

OFF Nick, listening,

40 INT. - RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT 40*

CLOSE ON A CD. Shiny silver back with Lacroix's distorted reflection in it.

Reverse to Lacroix: studying himself in the mirrored surface of the CD for a beat before he cues it up.

LACROIX
(into mic)
And the simple fact is that the way back to one is the way back to the other. For we must never forget what we are and whom we came from. This is our lifeblood... our nourishment. Without it... we whither up and become nothing.

PUSH IN on Lacroix as he FLASHES BACK TO:

41 EXT. - "DACHA" - DAY - (THE PAST) 41*

As before. Except that

LACROIX looks even more withered and ancient-looking than before. Looks like he's slowly imploding, in fact.

Nick bends down next to him. Props him up and pours blood from a wineskin into Lacroix's mouth. He laps it up weakly and

LACROIX
I'm afraid it's not going to be quite enough, Nicholas. I need more than nourishment.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

NICK
When you're stronger, you can go and feed for yourself. God knows there's more than enough death about to take advantage of...

ON Lacroix. Enfeebled now and close to death.

LACROIX
There is another way that I must be bolstered.
(he smiles weakly)
You must give me the very gift I've given you.

ON Nick. A little puzzled by this.

LACROIX (cont'd)
I'm afraid that the soldier literally took a piece of my heart. Enough to guarantee my end ultimately, but not enough to kill me straight away. We are creatures of the strangest biology, are we not? This is one of the darker secrets of our nature.
(beat; laughs a little)
Immune to all but the pain of a broken heart.

NICK
What is it you need?

LACROIX
I need you to give me some of <u>your</u> eternal life, Nicholas. To tranfuse me as I once did you.

Nick stands. Looks away.

NICK
And if I say no?

LACROIX
I'll die. You'll be free of me but you <u>will</u> be incomplete.
(beat)
Our bond, Nicholas, is destiny. Centuries ago, I chose to give you immortality, to bring you across, not on any whim.

CLOSE ON Lacroix. This is kind of a big reveal here...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 2 41

LACROIX (cont'd)
But because Fate instructed me to do so. We share a destiny that may not be fulfilled for centuries into the future.
(fading fast)
And, if you let me perish, it will not be fulfilled at all.

Lacroix's eyes close. He's exhausted.

ON Nick. He turns to Lacroix. Studies him. Then Nick tips the wineskin back and drinks from it. Finishes it.

HOLD ON him a beat. A momentous decision to be made. Then, Nick reaches into his cloak and pulls out his knife. *

He bares an arm, holds it up and

Rakes the blade of the knife across his wrist. *

CLOSE ON Nick's hand. Blood runs down it. Across his knuckles, down to his fingertips where it collates into a drop. That drop falls

Onto Lacroix's lips.

OFF this image, we GO BACK TO:

42 INT. - RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT (THE PRESENT) 42

Back on Lacroix at his mic.

LACROIX
You will come back. You must come back. It is your destiny. And destiny must not be trifled with.

CLOSE ON Lacroix's stern expression. He has no intention of losing Nick.

43 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT 43

With Nick in the Caddie. Listening to Lacroix on the radio. One hand massaging his tremendous headache. He reaches over and snaps off the radio defiantly.

43A INT. - PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 43A

Tracy and the IA dicks poring over mugshot books. Reese looking over their shoulders. Everybody looks really tired by this point.

(CONTINUED)

43A CONTINUED: 43A

Tracy stops at a page in the middle. Stares at it for a beat... something here? No, nothing registers.

She looks up at Reese and the IA detectives.

TRACY
Nothing. If he's in here, I don't see him.

DET. MAURER
Is it because you can't remember or because you didn't get a clear look at the guy?

TRACY
(head in hands)
I don't know. *

REESE
(to Mauer)
Look, this happens to a lot of cops when their partner gets tagged... she just needs some time... and some rest.

DET. MAURER
Anybody heard anything from Detective Knight yet?

DET. DUNNEBACK
Nothing.

REESE
I wouldn't count on him being able to help for a long time.

TRACY
Captain, I'm really sorry--

REESE
You got to stop pushing it, Tracy. Step back from it a while and give it a break. Let it come to you. *

Tracy nods, somewhat reassured by his words. Reese guides her to the door. Maurer and Dunneback open it for her.

PAN BACK to the table. PUSH IN CLOSE ON the open mugshot book: a picture of an especially ugly creep. Smiling large for the police camera. Dull eyes. Dark hair. And, in his smile, right up front, a chrome tooth... *

OFF this creepy image,

DISSOLVE TO:

44 OMITTED 44

44A EXT. - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 44A

Back at 139 Dunsinane, according to the sign out front. *

CLOSE ON a strand of yellow crime scene tape strung across the entrance to the place. Two hands grasp it, stretch it apart and snap it open.

PULL Back to Nick. Standing at the door. He pauses for a beat then enters.

44B INT. - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 44B

Where Nick was shot. Nick walking through floats and decorations.

Nick's scanning around, trying to get a sense of the place. Memories coming back to him...

44C FLASHBACK - THE SHOOTING 44C

Nick and Tracy walking slowly among the bizarre floats, the Christmas / holiday decoration.

ON Nick. Sensing something. VAMPHEARING : heartbeats. Muffled breathing. SEEING UP AHEAD...through the darkness, in false colors,

The figure of a man standing out among the props. Movement.

CLOSE ON the Shooter as he pulls off a Santa beard. He * whispers hoarsely...looking o.s. to Tracy. *

THE SHOOTER
Merry Christmas...

He raises his pistol and FIRES and: *

45 INT. - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (REAL TIME) 45

CLOSE ON Nick. Snapping back to reality.

HIS POV: like time is slowing down. Like he's hallucinating.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Nick shakes it off. Looks the other way. REACTS to what he's seeing and HEARING: images in false colors...an unearthly collage of sounds. *

Conversations from afar. People laughing, talking... distant rumblings of the subway underneath...trains and ships down by the waterfront. All of it growing louder and more insistent... building to a crescendo.

His VAMP SENSES suddenly, uncontrollably on full gain...the world spinning around him kaleidoscopically.

ON Nick. He shuts his eyes and clutches his head. Tries to close out the sensory overload.

Then something REALLY WEIRD HAPPENS. Nick takes a step as if to run away.

There's a WHOOOSH of wind around him and in the blink of an eye, he's suddenly somewhere else. Nick turns and looks back:

HIS POV: SWISH PAN to the warehouse entrance...the door he just came through is THIRTY FEET BEHIND HIM. He flew across the room in one step... *

Then, a WOMAN'S VOICE from O.S. The voice of a LADY COP who's been assigned to stand guard over the crime scene. *

LADY COP *
Hold it right there! Hands in the air... *

Angle on the Lady Cop. She steps around a corner. Sees Nick and reacts. Has her gun and flashlight trained on him. *

Nick turns to her. Shows his hands. *

NICK *
I'm a police officer. I'm going into my pocket for my badge. *

She raises her gun. Pulls back the hammer. *

LADY COP *
You do it slowly. You understand? *

Nick nods. He pulls out his badge. Flips it open. Gold shield gleams in the flashlight. *

The Lady Cop steps closer. Gingerly takes the badge out of Nick's hand and begins to examine it. *

LADY COP *
(reading) *
What are you doing here, detective? This is a protected crime scene. *

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 2 45

ON Nick. Watching her as she's examining his badge. Again, it's like time's slowing down and he's hallucinating. And he can HEAR her heartbeat...her BLOOD coursing through veins.

HIS POV: focusing on her neck. Her pulsing carotid.

Nick turns away quickly. And we SEE HE'S VAMPED. His eyes are glowing yellow. Fangs erupting. He's losing control of his baser instincts.

LADY COP (cont'd)
There was a police officer shot here last night.
(beat; off Nick)
Hey, are you all right?

Nick turns back to her. UN-VAMPED now.

NICK
I'm sorry. Listen, I'm the police officer who was shot here last night.

She eyes him curiously. Hands him back his badge.

LADY COP
What are you doing here?

ON Nick. Regaining his composure. *

NICK *
Trying to find something I lost. *

LADY COP *
(a shrug) *
Whatever you say, Detective. ...You sure you're okay? *

NICK *
I'm fine. I'll let myself out. *

She nods, turns and walks off. Nick watches her go, then once she's out of sight he takes one last scan around, then moves to: *

NEW ANGLE. ON a back door. Nick pushes it open, disappears behind it for a moment... into sunlight, which we see streaming in. A beat later, Nick scrambles back inside, in obvious pain, HEAR the sizzling of skin. He winds up down on one knee, the scrambles to close the door. He leans up against it, trying to catch his breath. *

ON NICK'S startled, pained expression, we: *

46 OMITTED 46

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

47 EXT. - LOFT - DAY (ESTABLISHING) 47*

48 INT. - LOFT 48*

The place is dark save for a few rays of light slanting in through the half-open blinds. *

CLOSE ON Natalie, in uneasy sleep on the couch, curled up under a blanket. *

We HEAR the distant rumblings of the elevator on its way up. Natalie opens her eyes, disoriented for a moment, then she sits up, looks toward the sunlight coming in through the blinds... reacts, alarmed, as she looks next to the elevator door. The rumbling grows nearer. She calls out upstairs, hoping against hope. *

NATALIE *
Nick? *

No response. Very bad news. She looks again to the elevator as the rumbling stops. Pause. Then the door starts to slide open, and her worst fears are realized. *

Nick, wrapped in layers of clothing grabbed ad hoc from the warehouse, staggers in, his head covered by a coat, which also conceals his hands. He goes down on one knee as she rushes to him. The coat slides away from his head, revealing: *

Nick's skin has been cooking under there. His face and hands look scorched and painful. He tries to catch his breath. *

Natalie reacts... Any dream she had that his vampires days were over has come to a screaming halt. It's devastating. He sees her expression, doesn't know what it means... *

NICK *
What's wrong with me? *

She just looks at him a moment, then quickly guides him to a chair, during: *

NATALIE *
Where were you? *

NICK *
I remembered something... that night I knew the shooter was there just before he fired. I could sense him. That means something, I'm <u>sure</u> it does... *
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

NICK (cont'd)
I went back to the warehouse to see if I could remember what.

Nick's weak. He leans back in the chair. FLASH IN ON:

49 FLASHBACK - THE SHOOTING 49

From Nick's POV, in motion, colliding with Tracy as we HEAR the shot. CUT TO:

POV - The shooter, as his face is briefly illuminated by the flash of shot - see his face, the lips slightly parted... see the chrome tooth, and: *

50 RESUME NICK AND NAT 50

Nick realizes:

NICK
Natalie... I saw his face. I've got to go--

He attempts to stand, but the discomfort coupled with Nat's forceful hand on his shoulder keeps him where he is.

NATALIE
You can't go anywhere until the sun sets.

NICK
You know, don't you.
(he looks at his hands)
You know why but you're afraid to tell me. What is it? Please.

Natalie grabs the auto-blind remote and starts the blinds on their way down. Beat. She considers how she'll phrase it, but there's really no indirect way...

NATALIE
There's no way to tell you this other than to just say it, Nick.
(she turns to him)
...You're a vampire.

On Nick's reaction, then go to:

51 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY 51

CLOSE ON a phone as it RINGS. PULL BACK, reveal Tracy as she sits heavily in the chair next to the phone.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

She's worn out, the events of the day have taken a toll. She snatches the receiver up.

TRACY
Vetter...

We HEAR the processed VOICE of the caller. A hoarse whisper. This is LEON SHARP:

LEON (v.o.)
Too bad about your partner. You got his head all messed up, didn't you? Bet you feel bad.

Tracy reacts, suddenly wide awake.

TRACY
Who is this?

INTERCUTTING WITH:

52 INT. SHARP'S PLACE - DAY - CLOSE ON 52

Mostly phone, and talking into it, a man who's face we hardly see. But we see enough... we see the chrome tooth. *

LEON
Not important. But a friend of mine's got a little score to settle. The name Jimmy Malik ring a bell?

TRACY
...No.

LEON
(a thin smile)
Jimmy likes parades. He likes the clowns the best. The floats. Do you believe in Santa Claus, Tracy? Jimmy does.

Tracy has reacted to the mention of her name. This guy knows her, and now he's talking about floats...

TRACY
You're the one.

LEON
No. It was Jimmy. He's sad. He wants to talk to you. Alone.

Tracy shakes her head; this guy is disturbing. She reaches for a pad and pen.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

TRACY
Where? When?

LEON
Tonight. He'll know if you bring your friends. He'll know if you've been bad or good.

TRACY
Just tell me where.

OFF SHARP'S chromium grin, go to: *

53 INT. LOFT - DAY - LATER 53

Nick now sits at the kitchen table, looking much less worse for wear. He studies his hand, which is almost completely back to normal. But that's not all he's trying to wrap his head around.

NICK
The pain's almost gone. Does this always happen?

Find Natalie, leaning up against the stove, a far away look, emotions raging just beneath the surface.

NATALIE
It's why your headwound didn't kill you. You heal incredibly fast. Not only that, you can regenerate such things as limbs and so on.

NICK
But you said the bullet just grazed me--

NATALIE
It didn't. It turned a not insignificant percentage of your brain into dog food.

NICK
How long have I been... a vampire?

NATALIE
767 years.

Nick's neck all but snaps as he reacts, looks back to her.

NATALIE (cont'd)
(off his shock)
Don't worry. It seems that now it'll all come back to you.

(CONTINUED).

53 CONTINUED: 53

He looks away, processing the weight of her revelations, then: *

NICK *
Who else knows? *

NATALIE *
(beat, a lie) *
Only me. *

Nick absorbs this; it isn't easy... then he leans forward, reacting to a wave of pain. *

NICK *
Oh... *
(dazed) *
I feel so hungry. I feel so hungry that it hurts. *

Natalie looks to him... she knows what this means, hates it, but there's nothing she can do to change it. *

ON NAT for her internal debate, then she moves o.s. to: *

CLOSE : on the refrigerator. She opens it. There's the bottle of blood. *

She stares at the bottle for a beat. Hesitates. Then, she grabs it and closes the door. *

RESUME NICK *

As Natalie hands him the bottle. *

NATALIE *
Drink this. *

NICK *
(puzzled) *
Wine? *

NATALIE *
Just drink it. *

Nick looks at her. Looks at the bottle, then takes it and drinks. *

A trickle of blood rolls down the corner of his mouth. Then, he realizes what he's drinking. He stops, all but drops the bottle on the table as he sets it down. He looks up at Natalie. *

NICK *
It's <u>blood</u>. *

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 2 53

NATALIE
Cow's blood to be precise. Your beverage of choice. You stopped drinking human blood a long time ago, in case you're wondering.

He wasn't, but now that she mentions it... He watches her as she moves to across from him, sits, rests her head in her hands, her disappointment still very much with her. He studies her a moment, puzzled.

NICK
What's wrong? I'm getting better, aren't I? If I <u>am</u> returning to normal... well, normal for <u>me</u>... Isn't that good?

NATALIE
I could explain it, but until all your memory comes back you wouldn't really understand.
(off his look)
In a nutshell... you don't want to be a vampire.

NICK
(beat, puzzled)
Why not?

NATALIE
(shakes her head)
Get some rest, Nick.

He realizes that's the end of the discussion for now. He nods... looks to the bottle... and we go to:

54 INT. SHARP'S PLACE - NIGHT 54*

A low-end bachelor apartment, sparsely furnished.

SLOW PAN ACROSS a table; strewn with guns and ammo; a revolver, a .45. Loaded clips, a several clips of vicious-looking bullets... Cop killers. And HEAR the sound of rifle lock and load, CAMERA ADJUSTS, finds LEON SHARP, scumbag, prepping for his rendezvous with Tracy; a la Travis Bickel in "Taxi Driver". The same intensity, the same sense of "mission".

He pauses now as he catches his reflection in a small shaving mirror hanging over a ratty sink. He steps to the mirror; the only surviving side of it contains the magnifying mirror. His features loom up in the glass; exaggerated. See only part of his face as a result.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

Begin with the eyes, then he tilts the mirror up a little to check out the rest of his face, smiling now... then he tilts the mirror again, and we're staring back at a single eye; fierce, obsessed. And: *

POSSIBLE BREAK FOR SYNDICATED STATIONS *

54A EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) 54A*

We HEAR KNOCKING, b.g. PRECINCT SOUNDS (pre-lap). And go to: *

55 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 55

Nick sits at the table, scanning mug shots in a book. A few other books are piled up beside it. Nick's been busy. Reese enters.

REESE
How's it going?

NICK
Nothing, yet.

Reese moves to him, looks down at the book Nick's looking at, then glances at the pile of books.

REESE
It ever occur to you that the only reason for people like us is people like <u>them</u>?

NICK
(thinks a moment, then:)
I don't know.

REESE
(realizes his gaffe)
Oh. Sorry.

Nick's eyes lock on a photo.

NICK
Captain. That's him.

CLOSE ON a mug shot of Leon Sharp, chrome tooth and all. Nick points to the photo.

NICK (cont'd)
I <u>know</u> that's him.

REESE
Wait a minute. Leon Sharp? You sure?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

NICK
Positive.
(off Reese's look)
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2 55

Reese takes a deep breath, the weight of the world suddenly on his shoulders.

REESE
Leon Sharp. A.k.a. Leon Malik. About fifteen years ago Leon's older brother, Jimmy, was shot and killed in a drug bust. Damn.
(agitated, off Nick's look)
The police captain that fired the shot was Captain Gordon Vetter. Now Commisioner Vetter. ...Tracy's father, Nick.

Nick rises, concerned.

NICK
We were set up. Tracy was the target.

As they move for the door:

REESE
She still is. Get over to her place - I'll call her and send backup to meet you there.

And go to:

56 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (STOCK) 56*

The caddy drives along.. *

56A INT. CADDY - NIGHT 56A*

Nick at the wheel. Focussed on traffic. Then, his expression changes... as if some distant piece of memory were rising to the surface, something compelling him to think, to remember... Then he gives the wheel a sharp turn, and: * * * * *

56B EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 56B*

The caddy pulls up sharply. Nick jumps out. He looks at the Caddy... then to the sky... back to the Caddy, and: * *

INTERCUTTING:

57 BRIEF MONTAGE (STOCK) 57

NICK WHOOSHING to save Tracy in the warehouse (CURRENT EPISODE).

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

Nick in an alley, LAUNCHING - (STOCK). *

VAMPCAM swooping over the city.

58 RESUME NICK 58

at the Caddy. His back to us. Then he turns... PUSH IN ON HIM and we see that all the lights are on. He knows. He remembers...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

Maybe not <u>everything</u>, but enough to know that the Caddy is not his favourite mode of transport in an emergency.

He takes a quick look around, and WHOOSH, and go to:

59 EXT. VAMPCAM - NIGHT (STOCK) 59

Nick's POV. And go to:

60 EXT. POLSON ST. LOCATION - NIGHT 60*

An open and deserted industrial area bordered by silos, fences and water. *

HIGH ANGLE POV

Scanning the open area below. See it's mostly open space, a few small areas in shadow. Metal, rusting barrels are piled high out in the open about mid way from the silos and the back fence, and to the lake-side edge of the concrete. Closer to the silos, there a stack of skids. *

ON SHARP

Scanning the setting from a high vantage point, waiting. Then he turns, reacting to the SOUND of: *

61 TRACY'S CAR 61*

As it enters the front gate area, a slow approach. It pulls to a stop across from the foreman's building. *

61A INT. TRACY'S CAR - NIGHT 61A*

She's on full alert... she looks out the passenger window toward the foreman's building. No lights on, no sign of life. She scans to her left now, then drives o.s. and: *

61B WITH SHARP 61B*

As he watches Tracy's car pass underneath him under the trellace he's standing on. The car stops about ten yards from the skids. Beat. *

61C INT. TRACY'S CAR - NIGHT 61C*

She draws her gun and gets out, all her senses on full alert. Moves a few feet from the open car door. She looks around, trying to see into the dark patches. Then: *

(CONTINUED)

61C CONTINUED: 61C

TRACY
(calling out)
You wanted to talk. Here I am.

And BOOM! Her driver's side window explodes; shot out. Tracy reacts, startled and on the move almost in the same instant.

INTERCUTTING WITH:

62 SHARP'S POV/ON SHARP WATCHING TRACY 62

He FIRES again; two more rounds and:

ON THE CAR... As it's windshield explodes, one of the front tires takes a direct hit. That car's staying where it is.

TRACY hurries behind the skids, wheels and FIRES twice up toward the general direction of the incoming rounds. She slams back against the skids, waits:

Sharp raise his rifle, takes aim. FIRES.

BOOM. A bullet tears into the skids.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

Tracy ducks/covers as the round hits, she turns and looks through a slat opening toward her car. Sees it's toast. She also knows she's exposed here, the slats are wide enough for a round to find its mark.

LEON
Good evening, Detective Vetter. Real happy you could make it.

TRACY
(sotto)
...Pleasure's all mine.

WITH SHARP

Locking and loading another clip.

LEON
Some people, when they die... they don't see it coming, if they're lucky. Most don't get that gift.

WITH TRACY

She spots:

THE BARRELS... but it's going to be iffy. There's some open space to cover.

LEON (cont'd)
People die in their sleep, or have heart attacks kill 'em before they hit the ground. Like that, and all. Quick. Painless. ...It's not gonna be that way for you.

He aims and FIRES, THREE SHOTS.

Tracy drops to the ground at the rounds hit, richochet off the skids...

63 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 63

Nick forces the door, enters in a hurry.

NICK
Tracy? Tracy?

No answer. He moves to check the o.s. rooms, but stops, seeing the pad next to the phone. He scoops up the pad, reads the scribbled writing on it, reacts; oh shit. He lets the pad drop as he WHOOSHES o.s. and we return to:

64 EXT. POLSON ST. LOCATION - NIGHT 64*

With Tracy. She prepares to run for it... takes off. Is immediately greeted by:

Four rapid BURSTS of rifle fire, kicking up concrete shrapnel in a pattern behind her...

And she dives behind the barrels.

WITH SHARP *

Lowering the rifle, watching... *

BEHIND THE BARRELS... Tracy catches her breath.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

TRACY
Why did you want to kill a cop?

*

She's scanning for possible escape routes. There's nowhere to go. * *

LEON
(beat, then)
Remember Jimmy? Told you about him.

TRACY
I remember.

LEON
Yeah. My brother. Got shot by a cop. They surrounded his place. Didn't give him a chance. Just came in. Shooting.
(beat)
He knew it was coming. He knew the cop running the show wasn't gonna let him out of there still breathing.
(beat)
You know that old saying? Do what you want to me but don't mess with my family?

TRACY
What about it?

LEON
(beat)
How's Captain Vetter these days, Tracy?

ON TRACY... has only a second to register Sharp's only conceivable meaning before she realizes she's got another major problem. She's seen something on the side of one of the barrels... in fact, the same "logo" is on several barrels... The international symbol for "FLAMABLE". Oh shit... she's got to move. She FIRES a covering burst skyward and: *

65 EXT. VAMPCAM - NIGHT (STOCK) 65

Nick's POV swoops toward the SOUND of the shots.

66 EXT. POLSON ST. LOCATION - NIGHT 66*

As Tracy races TOWARD CAMERA... BOOM! A chain reaction of explosions begin, the barrels obviously contain gas or oil. They erupt in a violent explosion - Tracy throws herself o.s. past CAMERA, and: *

ON SHARP

Sheilding his eyes from the glare as:

WHOOSH... Nick lands. Sharp senses him, whirls to fire, but:

At the sight of Nick, steps back in surprise, confusion... stumbles back and...

HIGH FALL ANGLE

We HEAR Sharp's scream as he plummets to his death.

Nick moves to the edge of the platform, looks down, sees: *

Tracy, just fine, thank you, moving with her gun trained on Sharp's body.

Nick straightens... looks over toward the city lights in the distant b.g.... Beat. Then he LAUNCHES, and we: *

FADE OUT

END ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

66A INT. LOFT - NIGHT 66A*

Find Nick at the piano again, noodling a little Beethoven or something. He stops, stares at the keys for a moment, then turns to Natalie, who's near the door, pulling on her coat. *

NATALIE *
Back to business as usual, I guess. *

Nick crosses, dons his coat, as well. *

NATALIE (cont'd) *
Nick, I know you're probably 100% by now, but maybe you should just stay home for a while. *

NICK *
Thanks, but... there's someone I need to talk to. *

Nat hears this, knows who he's referring to without having to ask. *

NATALIE *
I guess you figured out by now that I lied. I'm not the only one who knows what you are. *

NICK *
I know you lied. ...But I also know why. *
(off her look) *
You were right. Its a lot to take in all at once. *

He takes her by the arm and they move to the door, and we go to: *

67 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT 67

A bartender finishes cleaning up at the bar area, sets a fresh bottle of "red" on the bar beside an empty, clean wine glass, then disappears with a tray of glasses through the door to the right of the bar. It's late. No one else around, except...

68 INT. - RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT 68

Lacroix spins in his chair to face his mike. Coos into it.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

LACROIX
All's well that end's well. Even though it doesn't really ever end, doesn't it? For some of us, anyway.
(beat)
Until tomorrow, I remain a friend to all and, as always...who needs enemies when you've got a friend in the NightCrawler?

He smiles. Cues a record to take him out then rises, exits the studio.

69 PICK LACROIX UP 69

as he exits the studio, moves to the bar, pours some "red" from the bottle on the bar, is about to sip, when he senses:

Nick, moving out of the shadows, studying the old master.

LACROIX (cont'd)
Nicholas. I'm happy to see that you are well. What brings you in? Social call? Some urgent police matter, perhaps?

NICK
No... Just a feeling. *

Nick walks toward him. Sits on a stool, during:

NICK (cont'd)
I'm guessing you can fill in the blanks for me. Help me figure out who I am...<u>all</u> of what I am. *

LACROIX
(beat)
It's almost dawn. You'll have to spend the day here with me, I'm afraid. I trust you have some time?

NICK
Eternity. Or so I'm told.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

LACROIX
That's good. Because what you are, Nicholas...
(beat)
Is a long, long story.

OFF Nick,

FADE OUT

THE END